

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 2.—VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1807.

947.

EUPHEMA;

OR,

THE NUN OF ST. CLARE.

(CONTINUED.)

"Of a dead man!" repeated Constance,

"Yes, of a moving corpse, with a gaping wound under the left breast. The cheeks were white as ashes, the lips were closed; and as it stood erect against a pillar, a moon beam dashed full upon it, discovered to me that it had but one eye. The remaining eye was shut;—but my glance was momentary, and I durst not look again, therefore my description may be imperfect."

"A sickening recollection crossed the mind of Constance, but she remained silent."

"Your description is imperfect indeed," said the abbess, "and like all the other wonderful tales of spectres, contradicts every reasonable notion on the subject. If departed spirits are indeed permitted to revisit us in the visible world, He who permits them is wise and benign in all his operations, and consequently the motives of their appearance must be charitable, and mean good to suffering survivors; why then should they come only in darkness, a season when the human mind, such is its natural weakness, shrinks within itself, and trembles with imaginary horrors? And often when have been listening to the suggestions of superstition, I found a powerful argument against them in a very simple, though reasonable idea; spirit surely would not come without a most important errand, and to what purpose then appear under a form so altered and terrific, that it not only inspires dread and horror, but cannot even be known by whoever it means to visit? And again, it is my firm opinion, that when the soul has left its mortal habitation, it no longer retains its blemishes or imperfections; therefore I cannot believe that our nocturnal obtruder is supernatural, and shall certainly devise some effectual method to detect and punish an impostor, whose intents must be malignant, and teeming with danger to our community. Already poor Euphema is a sufferer; and who can say where the mischief will end!"

"Where indeed!" said Constance, folding her hands emphatically, as Euphema's name interrupted a train of alarming thoughts. "Every blessed spirit and angel be her guard, and visit her unquiet soul with peace!"

"Amen!" responded the good abbess, adding, "Our confessor shall watch the movements of our midnight disturber, and also comfort Euphema by his pious and holy counsels."

"The entrance of the nuns to appor broke off their conversation, though it by no means concluded the subject, for every one gave her own opinion, and her own reasons for her opinion; while all were unanimous in declaring, that such was the horror the appearance created, that none could venture through the cloisters, or even leave their cells after sun set, until the uneasy spirit was reposed.

"Constance, absorbed in a solemn and reflective silence, neither offered an opinion, or made a declaration on the occasion; but after the rest, of which she could not partake, she begged the holy mother's benediction, and retired to her cell;—though not to enjoy the blessings of a restoring slumber, for the idea of her beloved Euphema, as she connected herself with a train of painful and alarming thoughts, rose upon imagination, and filled her bosom with anticipations almost too horrible for the human mind to sustain."

"A considerable time now elapsed, and nothing worthy of notice occurred to interrupt the tranquility of the convent. The mysterious figure, though not so frequently, sometimes was seen; but the mystery attending its appearance had never been penetrated, nor, so far as transpired, had any one had opportunity, if the courage, to enquire the cause of its inquietude. Yet so powerful is the charm of custom, the force of habit, it no longer inspired the horror it had at first created; and probably would have shared the fate of other wonders, sunk into oblivion, when the indisposition of Euphema, increasing to a most alarming height, revived the idea of her having again encountered the spectre. The most vigorous measures were then taken to develop the mystery, but contrary to all expectations, though the cloisters, and every avenue to the convent were watched, the figure was neither seen nor heard; and again every member of the community, except Euphema, enjoyed returning peace. On her, (for she had both seen and heard the spectre,) the effects of its appearance were dreadful; and she was believed to be drawing near to the verge of death, when one evening that she was unusually calm, the venerable father paid her a kindly visit. She reclined upon her pallet, with her arms folded upon her bosom; the paleness of secret anguish, even more than illness, had whitened her cheek—her fine expressive eyes were dull and unintelligent, and her aching bosom as it throbbled, betrayed the heaviness of unuttered agonies."

"Peace unto you, suffering daughter," said the good father, closing the door of her cell with one hand, while he took one of her's with the other. "My peace be unto you."

"She did not answer to his blessing; but as he would have felt her pulse, while a faint red suffused her cheek, she gently withdrew her hand, saying, "I thank you, holy man, but this has no pain,—it is all here," laying it again on her bosom, "yes, it is all here."

"What is there, my poor child?" said the confessor, gazing on her with distress and apprehension; "In mercy to yourself, in the blessed name of him who is ever ready to help the weary and heavy laden, in the blessed name of her who gave him the nature to feel and compassionate human weaknesses and woes, I conjure you to unbosom yourself—cast from your mind the load of secret evil, which is not only wasting a life dedicated to your Immortal Father, but is consuming the powers, and deadening the faculties lent you for the highest purposes, even that of elevating your soul to the ever lasting beatitudes."

"Euphema looked meekly in the face of her venerable comforter, but she spoke nothing. Again his penetrating eye surveyed her, and again he took her reluctant hand,—Daughter of error and misery!"

"He paused—"

"Are you not very ill?"

"Her eye full beneath his piercing gaze, yet she answered,—"Oh, yes, very, very ill, very ill indeed!"

"Do you not expect, unhappy one to be worse?"

"Much, much worse before—"

"A groan from the holy father expressed the internal anguish of his spirit, but he continued,—"Have you reflected?—Do you ever think?"

"Do I?" said she wildly, "aye, I think—and Mother of God, what fearful thoughts!"

"I believe thee, daughter, and bemoan the soul whose thoughts are fearful. But what are your hopes?"

"I have none, holy father."

"What are your expectations hereafter?"

"Dreadful!—for there are crimes that exceed even the limits of Almighty mercy—"

"Hush, profane one!" interrupted the father, with holy warmth, "nor ever more presume to limit the highest attribute of the Eternal. Listen, and learn with humility and faith, that so high as the heavens are above the earth, so far, and even farther redeeming grace transcends our deepest sins. Kneel then, disburden thy poor mind of its sad load, and by confession be assured of peace and pardon.—Confess—"

"I dare not," said Euphema, falling on her knees before him, "I am a wretch! a lost, undone, betrayed, devoted wretch! leave me to my horrors and my despair!"

"The confessor surveyed her with looks of mild compassion, but it was blended with a shuddering horror, and his chastened spirit instinctively recoiled from a being whose conscience was such as to despair of mercy. His eyes still dwelt on her poor shrinking figure, but he arose to depart, mentally supplicating that prayer for her, which his lips would not encourage obstinate silence, by articulating.—The pointed severity of his words, which she too well understood, had certainly offended her, but the mild solemnity of his manner and voice, while speaking these words, penetrated to the secret recesses of her suffering heart; when, raising her hands beseechingly, she would have conjured him to stay, but he was gone."

"By some means Constance had been apprized of the holy father's visit to her unhappy friend, and anxious to know if its effects had been salutary, a few minutes after his departure she appeared in Euphema's cell."

"I understand our good confessor has visited you, this morning, my Euphema," said she, taking her hand."

"Yes," answered the nun, quickly, "and is gone."

"But he has soothed you, my friend, left you comfort, for council drops with consolation from his hallowed lips."

"Comfort!" she repeated, dwelling wildly on the word, "whither from what source must that be drawn!—Neither on earth, nor in hea-

"Can I find it?—I feel that I am in the dark side of a great abyss.—Can he—can you bring that back?—I feel not even were memory unimpaired, the reason of the brain annihilated, still my pangs would live!—My horror will survive myself, even when wasting anguish—when terror, suffering, and despair reduce me;—when I am dead in the grave my horrors will speak, and the appalling voice reach my affrighted ear!"

"Disclose those secret horrors—pour all you know and feel into my bosom," said Constance, nearly as frantic as herself, and clasping her in her arms, "Speak, speak, what can you mean, my Euphemia?"

"What? look upon me, look in my eyes and say, need you ask a meaning—have I not—am I not—"

"At that moment, when it was likely the full and tortured heart of Euphemia would have given its secret sorrows to the keeping of her sympathizing friend, sister Ursula tapped at the door of the cell, and, before permission to enter could be given her, she abruptly rushed in, pale and breathless with agitation.

"Euphemia almost felt pleasure that the moment had passed from her; for though she now wished to confide her reserve of misery to her friend, her soul shrank from the confession, and every thing that impeded it she welcomed as a negative good, though sensible that delay teemed with inevitable destruction. Constance, distressed, and, indeed, offended at the interruption, with something of angry impatience in her manner, demanded,—"What mighty matter of importance now quickened her feet, while it chained her tongue in wonder?"

"Wonder?" she exclaimed, "aye, I am indeed in wonder,—from my tongue to my toe in a wonder, and so will other folks too, when they know what I know!"

"Euphemia's mind had returned to its usual gloomy abstractedness, and Constance, though almost uninterested, enquired her meaning,—

"Why, they are come back again!" said she.

"Who are come back again?"

"Who!—why the strangers?"

"The sick strangers?" reiterated Constance.

"No," replied Ursula, "but the well strangers,—it was all a pretext—"

"Euphemia gave an involuntary start.

"Ursula continued,— "Aye, and they have been to the Pope, and brought back a dispensation, and so no more fasting and fasting for I know who."

"A confusion of ideas crowded tumultuously over the brain of Constance, and gavelier cheek the richest glow of anticipation, when turning to communicate some thought to her friend, she caught her, almost fainting, in her arms.

(To be Continued)

Henry the fourth of France, being informed that an edict which he had issued for the prohibition of luxury, was not enforced, published an explanatory proclamation, which ran thus,— "Our orders prohibiting articles of luxury, and particularly the use of lace and embroidery, only extend to the honest part of the community, for as neither rogues nor women of bad character are worthy of our notice, they have our permission either to obey or neglect our edict, as they choose."—This had the desired effect, every tailor and mantua-maker in Paris being immediately set to work, to make such dresses as the edict ordered to be worn.

THE ANCHORITE'S INVITATION.

Supposed to be written over the Entrance of his Cell.

Enter, stranger, this retreat,
On my couch reclining lay;
Witness rural pleasures sweet;
Rest thee on thy weary way.

Here, remote from strife and care,
Deign with me a while to dwell;
Here thy soul for death prepare—
Worldly pomp and vice reject.

Here, secure from every danger,
War, and all its dire alarms;
Be thy mind at peace, O stranger!
Sooth'd by Nature's pleasing charms.

View the sloping woodlands wide,
While the Sun's interminable heat,
Tempts thee to the wiser's side,
To seek a shady cool retreat.

False is the world that lures thee hence,
Far from peaceful solitude;
Vain those pleasures of the sense
Which on thy quiet would intrude.

If corroding grief distress thee,
Vainly searching for repose,
Let these tranquil scenes content thee,
Where no sorrows interpose.

FROM THE COMPANION.

O! how lovely smiles the morning,
When no care the bosom knows;
But alas! how dark and frowning,
When the heart is fraught with woes.

View the wretched mother languish,
Doom'd from her lov'd home to sigh;
What can heal her heart's sad anguish,
What bring gladness to her eye?

Bounteous Nature's choicest treasures
Cannot one fond joy impart;
Nor can all the world's vain pleasures
Give sweet solace to her heart.

Happy they, on whom the morning
Smiles unclouded by decay;
Pleasure all the scene adorning,
Pleasure unalloyed by care.

SONG.

I told my Laura tender tales,
My sighs were louder than the gales;
My eyes like gushing fountains flow'd—
Yet Laura no compassion show'd.

I swore—and lovers all can lie—
I swore by poison I would die,
Or hang me on some wretched tree;
Yet still she would not pity me.

I vow'd to quit my native shore,
And never, never see her more,
Or frantic perish in the main;
Yet would not Laura ease my pain.

At length when nothing could prevail,
Nor sigh, nor tear, nor tender tale,
I vow'd some gentler fair to find—
Laura repeated and was kind!

'I HAVE OTHER FISH TO FRY.'

Over, who when ask'd could not comply,
Exclaim'd, "See other fish in fry!"
A Frenchman who overheard the saying,
Soon misappreh'd it, this odd way in:
"I would do that which you do with,
But I must go, and fry some fish!"

EXTRAORDINARY FOREWARNING.

ACTUALLY OCCURRED IN LORD TYRONE'S STATE.

ELY IN IRELAND.

(Continued.)

This event justified the expectation of story one; Lady B. was treated by her young husband with neglect and cruelty, and the whole of his conduct evinced him the most abandoned libertine, utterly destitute of every principle of virtue and humanity. To this, her second husband, Lady B. brought two daughters; afterwards, such was the profligacy of his conduct, that she insisted upon a separation. They parted for some time, when so great was the sorrow he expressed for his former ill conduct, that won over by his application and promises, she was induced to pardon, and once more unite with him; and was, after some time, made the mother of a son.

The day on which she had laid in a month, being the anniversary of her birthday, she was for Lady —, of whose friendship she had long been possessed, and a few friends, to request them to spend the day with her. About noon, the clergyman by whom she had been baptized, and with whom she had all her life maintained an intimacy, came into the room to enquire after her health; she told him she felt perfectly well, and requested him to spend the day with her, it being her birthday. "For" said she, "I am forty-eight this day." "No, my Lady," answered the clergyman, "you are mistaken, your mother and myself have had many disputes concerning your age, and I have at length discovered I am right; happening to go last week to the parish you were born in, I was resolved to put an end to my doubt by searching the register, and find that you are 47 this day."

"You have signed my death warrant," said she, "I have not much longer to live. I must, therefore, entreat you to leave me immediately, as I have something of importance to settle before I die."

When the clergyman had left Lady B. he sent to forbid her company coming; and at the same time to request Lady —, and her son of whom Sir M. Baresford was father, and who then was about twelve years of age, to come to her apartment. Immediately upon their arrival, having ordered her attendants to quit the room,

"I have something to communicate to you both before I die, a period which is not far distant. You Lady, are no stranger to the friendship that always subsisted between Lord Tyrone and myself; we were educated under the same roof, in the same principles—those of Deism. When the friends, into whose hands we afterwards fell, endeavored to persuade us to embrace the revealed religion, their arguments, though insincere to convince us, were powerful enough to stagger our former faith, and to leave us wavering between two opinions. In this perplexing state of doubt and uncertainty, we made a solemn promise to each other that which ever should happen to die first would, if permitted by the Almighty, appear to the other, to declare what religion was acceptable to him. Accordingly one night, when Sir M. and myself were in bed, I awakened, and discovered Lord Tyrone, sitting by my bed side; I screamed out, and endeavored, but in vain, to awake Sir M. For Heaven's sake, Lord Tyrone, said I, by what means or for what purpose came you this time of night." "Have you forgot our promise," said he, "I died last Tuesday at four o'clock, and have been permitted by the Supreme Being to

appear to you, to assure you religion is the true and only way we can be saved. I am further to inform you, that you are with child in eleven months; I shall marry you six years after your birth Sir M. will marry again, and to a man whom you will be rendered well bring him two daughters, a son, in child bed of whom you will be 47th year of your age."

"Just Heaven, exclaiming, prevent this!" "Un doubtedly, you have a free consent all by consenting every to a second marriage; but your power you know not their power; I had no trial, nor am I allowed after this warning, you persist your lot in another world would." "May I ask, said I, "Had I been otherwise, said have been this permitted?" "I may thence infer you a led; but did not answer.

(To be Continued)

By returning your enemy Good heap coals of fire on

Doctor Morse, of Elizabeth to have adjoining a farm of who made it a practice of that came on his place. On several of the doctor's hog sty, and made their way grounds, who shot them all the doctor to come and take when he came was saluted I bor with "Now d— a vo yourself the next time." thing to this, removed his men keeps a good look out for the, which often broke into long after, word was brought ten or twelve of his neighbor rooting up his produce and hisfield. He instantly ordered them all, who performed the rick, expecting to see them tered as soon as they were was their surprise, to hear that to put the oxen before a slo their feet and lay them o done, the doctor drove the neighbor's door, and stepping all his hogs had broke in him considerable damage; exclaimed, "Good God, I kiled them, have you?" Doctor, I have caught the home for you; come let us they broke out of their sty.

This being done, he hogs and put them in— who treated him to tell how much done, and insisted on pay doctor refused saying the dents would now and then a hors, and that he wished were all neighbors together to be friendly to one another him good-bye retired with of having returned good had effect on his neighbor because one of his best friends

appear to you, to assure you that the revealed religion is the true and only religion by which we can be saved. I am further suffered to inform you, that you are with child of a son, who is decreed shall marry my daughter; not many years after his birth Sir M. will die, and you will marry again, and to a man whose ill treatment you will be rendered miserable by, you will bring him two daughters, and afterwards a son, in child bed of whom you will die in the 47th year of your age."

"Just Heaven," exclaimed I, "and cannot I prevent this?" "Unoubtedly you may," returned he—"you have a free assent and may prevent all by resisting every temptation to a second marriage; but your passions are strong, you know not their power; hitherto you have had no trial, nor am I allowed to tell you, but if after this warning, you persist in your infidelity, your lot in another world will be miserable indeed." "May I ask," said I, "if you are happy?" "Had I been otherwise," said he, "I should not have been thus permitted to appear to you." "I may thence infer you are happy," he smiled; but did not answer.

(To be Continued.)

* By returning your enemy Good for Evil, you will heap coals of fire on his head.*

Doctor Morse, of Elizabeth-Town, happened to have adjoining a farm of his, a bad neighbor, who made it a practice of killing every thing that came on his place. One day, by accident several of the doctor's hogs broke out of their sty, and made their way into his neighbor's grounds, who shot them all, and sent word for the doctor to come and take them away; who when he came was saluted by this worthy neighbor with "Now do—you keep your hogs to yourself the next time." The Doctor said nothing to this, removed his hogs, but bade his men keep a good look out for his neighbor's cattle, which often broke into his enclosures. Not long after, word was brought him that there was ten or twelve of his neighbor's hogs in his field rooting up his produce and playing havoc with his field. He instantly ordered his men to catch them all, who performed their orders with alacrity, expecting to see them hand-some slaughter as soon as they were caught; but what was their surprise, to hear the Doctor order them to put the oven before a sled, and tie them by their feet and lay them on it. Which being done, the doctor drove the sled himself to his neighbor's door, and stepping in, told him that all his hogs had broke in his fields, and done him considerable damage; when his neighbor exclaimed, "Good God, Doctor, you have not killed them, have you?" "No, no," said the Doctor, I have caught them, and brought them home for you; come let us go and see where they broke out of their sty, and mend it."

This being done, he helped to carry the hogs and put them in—when his neighbor intreated him to tell how much damage they had done, and insisted on paying for it. But the doctor refused saying that "such little accidents would now and then happen among neighbors, and that he wished no pay, seeing they were all neighbors together and as such ought to be friendly to one another," and having bid him good-bye retired with the pleasing thought of having returned good for evil, which had no bad effect on his neighbor, who from that hour became one of his best friends.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 11, 1867.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 43 persons, of whom 15 were men, 13 women, 6 boys, and 9 girls, during the week ending on Saturday last.

COMMUNICATION.

It is with pleasure we have it in our power to state that the Lady, whose exhibitions were so attractive and gratifying in Boston, has now favored our city, with a visit. Having no use of either hands or feet, she makes use of her mouth, for all the purposes they could answer. We have seen specimens of Painting done in water colors by this extraordinary female—she mixes her own paints and executes her work with ease and dispatch. Exclusive of the imperfections mentioned, she is very interesting, having handsome features and a very agreeable person. We sincerely hope a generous & liberal encouragement will be given to her uncommon talents. While in Boston, her spectators witnessed her performance of this kind every visit they made; and he own natural urbanity of manners procured her the esteem of all who knew her.

Mr. Ad.

The report of the death of Mungo Parke, who was said to have fallen a victim in the interior of Africa, is now found to be untrue—Accompanied by his wife and child, he arrived in Tombuctoo, and that he is on his return.

Nassau paper.

Francis Arden, Esq. is appointed Master in Chancery, in place of Wm. Cutting, Esq. appointed sheriff.

Melancholy Accident.—Miss Kitty Drew, a young lady of Queen Ann's county, Maryland, was lately on a visit at George-Town, Cross Roads. On Easter Monday she started for home, leaving under her care two small children, her relations in the carriage, with her. In an attempt to restrain the ardor of the horse, the carriage way by the buckle, and the means of controlling the horse being thus lost, he ran away. Miss Drew attempted to jump out with the smallest boy in her arms, in doing which, it is supposed, the carriage wheel struck her, she fell and was immediately deprived of existence! One ear was carried away by the violence of some contusion she received, and the side of her face much injured.

Miss Drew was in the bloom of life—lovely and beloved, a pattern for innocence—the pride of her relations, and the admiration of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

YOUNG LADIES ACADEMY.

Mrs. STONER, Esq., respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that her School for the instruction of Young Ladies, in Orthography, English Grammar, Reading, Writing, and Needle-work, is continued at No. 24 Beaver-Street, in an airy pleasant situation. She returns her most grateful thanks to her former and present employers; and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors, by the assiduity and attention paid to inform the minds, and direct the morals and manners of the children entrusted to her care.

April 11,

Mrs. Topp, No. 68, John-Street, has just opened some fresh TEAS, of the first quality; Gun-powder, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, Souchong, &c.

April 11.

MARRIED.

On Thursday the 25th ult by the Rev John M. Knight, Capt. Jeremiah Probie Jackson, to Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Comfort.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkin, Mr. Charles Taylor, to Miss Eliza Byrd, both of this city.

On Monday last, by the Rev. Mr. McKnight, Mr. William Turner, to Miss Ann Chapel, both of this city.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Dr. Kelly, Mr. Andrew Dupree, to Miss Mary Ann Malenbury, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hart, Mr. Jacob Covert, of this city, to Miss Wilhelmina Van Holsen, of Hudson.

At Brooklyn, on Thursday evening, 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, Doct. Samuel Osborn, to Miss Ann Langhton, both of that place.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Lansing, at Tappan, Rockland County, Mr. John Graham, of this city, to Miss Margaret Edwards, of the former place.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Nathaniel Clark, jun. to Miss Phoebe Clark, formerly of Boston. The parties never saw each other, until about two hours before the nuptial ceremony was performed.

On Saturday last, at Philadelphia, by the Rev. William Stanglton, Mr. John Brewer, merchant, of this city, to Miss Mary Stephenson, of the former place.

At Friends' meeting house, Philadelphia, Redwood Fisher, to Miss Mary Griffiths, daughter of Doctor Samuel Griffiths.

DIED.

On Monday evening, 25th February, at the house of Bernard Mergins, Esq. the Head quarters of the army, Miss Anne Wilkinson, consort of General Wilkinson.

On Monday the 6th inst. Mr. James Beckman, aged 75 years and 1 month.

On Sunday evening last, Mrs. Jane Hertell, wife of Mr. William Hertell, after a painful illness which she bore with christian fortitude, aged 29 years, 9 months and 15 days.

On Tuesday last, Mr. Peter C. Waterbury.

On Wednesday last, Mrs. Catharine Garrison, wife of Mr. Simon Garrison.

On Tuesday last, of a lingering illness, Miss Elizabeth Brett.

At Newark, Mrs. M. Whorter, wife of the Rev. Dr. M. Whorter.

On the 18th of October last, at Tunis, Dr. James Dodge, of this city.

At Norfolk, Patrick Burke, aged 104 years, a native of Ireland.

BOARDING SCHOOL.

The Messrs Scribners, respectfully informs their friends and the public, that they continue their School in Stamford, where they teach Reading, and Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, Rhetoric, Drawing, Painting, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needle-work. Every attention will be paid to the morals and manners of the young. Ladies who are intrusted to their care.

Stamford, April 4. 945—3m.

BAL PARE.

AT MECHANIC-HALL.

M. J. NIERRE FRAMER, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public in general, that his PUBLIC ANNUAL BALL, is fixed for Friday Evening the 26th inst.

Tickets to be had at the above place; of Mr. F. at his Dancing Academy, No. 18, Beekman-Slip, and at the door.

April 11,

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TO THE LADIES.

M. HEDGES, Hair Dresser, notifies the public, respectfully, that he has again resumed his profession, and being grateful for past encouragement, presumes on the liberality of his former employers & friends to promote that success which will be his pride to merit.

Messages left at No. 30 Barclay-street, the fourth door below Church-street, on the left hand from Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

November 4.

25 1/2

COURT OF APOLLO.

EPICRAM.—ON A BULL AND NO BULL.

A Wag having waged with Teague half a crown,
About how many signs of the Bull were in town,
Teague swore there were three—which was flatly de-
nied.
And to point out a bull more than two was defied:
When he thus gan to count—'There's the Black
Bull in Foregate.
That's one; then the second's the White Bull in
Norgate;
And as for the next, which makes three, you'll allow,
In the very next lane there's the little Brown Cow.'
'A right Irish blunder!' (says each stander-by.)
And your bet you have lost!—'Tut, (says Teague)
that's a lie!
I'll be bound, 'stead of losing my wager, I win it,
For that blunder's A Bull, or the devil is in it!

SPRING.

Like a maiden shy and fearful,
Hidden now by turns, and seen;
Frown now, and now art cheerful,
Spring, Creations fickle queen.

Winter's wither'd clutches hold thee,
Doting on thy youthful charms—
Summer, longing to enfold thee,
Pulls thee to his ardent arms.

FRIENDSHIP.

A friend should always like a friend indite,
Speak as he thinks; and as he thinks should write—
Searching for faults, as he would beauties find,
To friendship true, but not to justice blind.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows—
One should our interest—one our passions be,
My friend should slight the man who injures me.

ANECDOTE.

A country attorney happened to be at a tavern, with
an honest peasant, and was very facetious at the coun-
tryman's expense: they, nevertheless agreed to try for
a bottle of wine, who could make the best rhyme. The
lawyer inquired the peasant's occupation, who in-
formed him he was a weaver—upon which the lawyer
wrote these lines:

The world, tho' large, is but a span,
It takes nine weavers to make a man.
The weaver in his turn, inquired the lawyer's occu-
pation, and being informed, 'I thought you were of
the law by the glibness of your tongue, and since you
have rhymed about the world, so will I too,' and then
he wrote—
The world is wide and full of evil,
And half a lawyer makes a devil.

DURABLE INK.

For writing on linen with a pen, which nothing will
discharge without destroying the linen.—For sale at
this Office.

WANTED.

A woman to do house-work, enquire at No. 245
Pearl-street. 946-4f.

SCHOOL.

Mrs. HEARNE, returns her sincere thanks to her
former friends and employers, who have kindly re-
spected her with the tuition of their children, and re-
spectfully informs them and the public, in general,
that she intends removing her Seminary on the first of
May next, from No. 35, to No. 187 Bowery-Lane,
nearly opposite Dr. Church's Dispensary—having taken
a convenient, neat, and commodious house for
that purpose, in a pleasant, healthy, and airy situa-
tion, where she will continue to instruct Youth in Read-
ing, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery & the various
branches of Needle Work, &c. She flatters her-
self that from the assiduous pains and strict attention
she is determined to pay, to the Morals, Manners, &
Education of her Pupils, to merit a continuance of the
favours of her friends, and a share of Public Patronage.
N. B. Mrs. Hearne wishes to intimate that she will
be able to accommodate conveniently from 12 to 15
young Ladies to board & educate, if application be
made within a month or six weeks from this date.
March 7, 1867

DANCING.

The Academy at No. 15 Beckman-slip, is now open
to the admission of pupils. Hours of attendance, in
the afternoon for children, and in the evening for grown
persons.

Private Lessons.—As the advertiser resides at the
above place, he has it in his power, at almost any hour
of the day or evening, to attend on Ladies & Gentle-
men, who, not having had an opportunity, in early life,
to acquire the now so fashionable accomplishment of
dancing, would wish to learn, having every necessary
accommodation for the purpose of private instruction,
by which persons of tolerable capacity may, in a very
short time, be enabled to dance with propriety at balls
or assemblies.

Public practising every Wednesday evening.
A course of French has also begun at said place, to
which a few more select pupils may be admitted, pro-
vided application be made during the ensuing fortnight.
All persons desirous of being attended at their houses
to be instructed in either French or Dancing, may con-
sult M. C. Fraissier, offers his services.

SCHEME OF LOTTERY, NO. I.

For drawing certain Great Rewards in this State.			
1	Prize of 25,000 dollars,	is	25,000
2	10,000	is	20,000
2	5,000	is	10,000
2	2,000	is	4,000
6	1,000	is	6,000
10	500	is	5,000
40	200	is	8,000
100	100	is	10,000
150	50	is	7,500
400	20	is	8,000
9,450	10	is	94,500

10163 Prizes,
22837 Blanks.

33,000 Tickets, at 6 dollars, 198,000
The 1st drawn number 1st day whether blank or
prize,

1st	do	8th	5000
1st	do	10th	1000
1st	do	11th	1000
1st	do	20th	5000
1st	do	23th	2000
1st	do	30th	1000
1st	do	33th	10,000
1st	do	40th	1600
1st	do	50th	300

The second drawn Ticket on the first forty days,
200 dollars.

The drawing of the above Lottery will commence
on the second Tuesday in June next.

Tickets in the above Lottery for sale at M.
Harrison's Book-Store and Printing-Office, No. 3,
Peck-Slip. New-York, 1867.

FILES,
OF THE 'NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM,'
from 1800 to 1807,
Neatly bound; for sale at this Office.

CISTERN,
Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted
tight, by
ALFORD & MERVIN,

No. 15 Catherine-st. near the Watch-house

TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS.

FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH—CHEMICAL PERFUMER,
FROM LONDON,

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE,
No. 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' or
Gentlemen's COMBS of the newest fashion—Also, Lau-
dies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds.



Smith's purified Chemical Cos-
metic Wash Ball, far superior to
any other, for softening, beautify-
ing, and preserving the skin from chaf-
ing, with an agreeable perfume,
4 & 8s. each.

His Fine Cosmetic Cold Cream
for taking off all kinds of roughness
cleans and prevents the skin from
chapping. 4s. per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, the
holdest all the shaving apparatus complete in a small
compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.
Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.
Smith's Improved Chemical Milk of Roses, well
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-
ness or sunburn; and is very fine for gentlemen
after shaving, with pointed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s.
bottle, or 3 dills. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.
and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted
after shaving, with pointed directions, 3s. 4s. 8 & 12s.
bottle, or 3 dills. per quart.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.
Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d.
Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. 8 & 12s.
per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.
Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural col-
our to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl
Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences.
Smith's Chemical Blacking Cakes 1s. 6d. Almost
Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circassia or Argenie-Oil, for curling, gloss-
ing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from
turning grey, 4s. per bottle.

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pains-
tums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s. per
box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chemical
principles to help the operation of shaving, 4s. 8 & 12s.
Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster, 3s. per box.

Ladies' silk Braes do. Elastic worsted and cotton
Garters.

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron molds.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books

"The best warranted Concave Razors, Razor
Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs

Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. &c.
Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but
have their goods fresh and free from adulteration,
which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 2, 1867

SAUNDERS & LEONARD,

No. 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,
Split straw do. do.
Paper do. do.
Wire assorted sizes,
Artificial and straw Flowers,
do. do. Wreaths,
Leghorn Hats by the box or dozen,
Paste boards,
Black, blue, and cloth sewing Silks,
Sarsnets, white and pink,
Open work, straw trimming & Tassels.
With every article in the Millinery line by Wholesale
sale only.

November 925-4f

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No. 3 PECK-SLIP.